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## GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY MISS A. M. STOW.  
Let a Babe in yonder manger!  
Babe, yet very King he be,  
Lying there, a tiny stranger,  
Saviour of the world to be.  
At his feet the "wise" are bowing,  
Gifts of spices and myrrh they bring,  
All his heavenly claims allowing,  
While celestial heralds sing,—  
"To our God be glory, glory!"  
"Joyful news we bring to earth;"  
"He was told a sweeter story;  
Let the Christ-to-day be birth!"  
Through the ages long have waited  
Kings and prophets this to see;  
Now He comes with blessings freighted—  
Comes to set the nations free.  
There, in swaddling clothes behold him,  
Wondrous Babe in Bethlehem born;  
See! a mother's arms enfold him,  
On his manger-bed forlorn.  
Lowly birth, yet glorious mission  
His, to scatter sin and night;  
Sins to lead to heights ethereal,  
Out of darkness into light.  
Ages since Thy birth have passed,  
Generations passed away  
Since for man Thy soul death tasted  
On the hill of Calvary.  
Once a babe, but King forever,  
And the world's Redeemer, Thou!  
Firm be every soul's endeavor  
Lord of all to crown Thee now.  
Oh Thy throne forever seated,  
While the shining hosts adore,  
Ne'er shall be Thy scheme defeated—  
Man to ransom and restore.

## CHAPTER ON EYES, AND HOW TO USE THEM.

BY REV. MARK TRAFFORD, D. D.

The average school-boy, given this subject as a theme for a composition, would probably say: "Eyes are a good thing, and are made to see with. All living creatures have eyes; though I have read of some fishes found in waters in caves where there is no light, without eyes. As there is no light, they do not need eyes. And I have heard of a Mr. Darwin, a great philosopher, who says that all these things grow by necessity and use. The long ears of the donkey are made by his efforts to hear, and as he has more curiosity than the horse, and can kick harder, his ears grow by the effort to see. I don't know what we should do without eyes." So far the school-boy; the teacher drawing his pen through the kicking part as irrelevant.

The writer having had some experience in the matter of eyes, which may be of use to the reader, if young, he proposes to stand up and relate his experience. To live to be 60 years of age, and yet to be able to read all type in a good light, without artificial aid, is not a very common phenomenon; yet I could do this; and what is more, for the last five years my sight improved so that glasses of diminished power sufficed for night reading.

Some twenty-five years since, I began to perceive a slight change in my eyes, rendering an increased distance between the eye and book necessary. My watchful wife suggested "tongs or glasses, as your arms will soon be too short." But I had adopted the theory that nature, if trusted, will bring about an adaptation to the circumstances; thus unconsciously falling into Darwinianism. There was another factor connected with this problem which I had overlooked, viz., compensations. Nature kindly honors our drafts upon her, and for long years bears with our recklessness; but she is an inexorable creditor. She calls for a settlement at last, demanding the full claim, and often bankrupts us. "Oh, it does me no harm," says the young fast liver, while indulging his passions and appetites. No, not at present; at least you do not feel it; but soon your drafts are returned, on which is written, "No funds." I shall not put on glasses, I said. I cannot submit to the annoyance of having to draw out my spectacles every time I want to read a line. Nature will see to this; and she did. My persistent effort prevented the shortening of the muscles, the usual flattening of the globe of the eye, and the consequent change in the focal point which takes place as age comes on. Here, then, was a grand triumph over nature, and a discovery, if not of "the elixir of life," yet of the secret of preserving the sight unimpaired for an indefinite term. I can fancy all this

time nature was laughing at my folly, and saw me storing up, if not wrath, acute suffering for months to come. I was daily violating a law, and the penalty must come at last, as there is no mercy or forgiveness here. No atonement can turn aside the infliction or heal the breach in the broken law.

The due and proper exercise of muscular organization, no doubt promotes growth and develops power, while, carried to excess, it weakens and destroys. This is an immutable law. The man who has overworked himself, putting undue strain upon certain muscles, finds at last a loss of tension, and pains, cramps and terrible distortions testify to the offense against nature. "You worked too hard in early life," or, "You have indulged your appetite when you should have been abstinent," says Dr. Bolus to the prematurely old man, bowed and racked by rheumatic pains or tortured by dyspepsia. "Doth not nature teach?" Now this is precisely what I did with my eyes. The muscles were daily under a strain that no organization can stand for any length of time without giving way.

Let us see what was the result, and how it was brought about. Just what takes place in the overwork of any other muscle or organ of the body occurred in the eye. The abused part rebelled and refused further normal action; the overworked animal, denied the natural stimulus of food and rest, now disregarded the application of the whip and spur, and just lay down.

I had been out at work in my garden under a burning sun, and had thrown myself upon my lounge for rest, when a sudden, sharp, stinging pain was felt in my left eye. I supposed some foreign substance had got into it, and ran to the pump and washed it in cold water. In vain, however; the difficulty still remained, and soon I saw unmistakable signs of inflammation. I ought at once to have given up and consulted an oculist, but supposing it to be but a temporary affection, I kept about my work, and in a few weeks both eyes were badly inflamed. It is unnecessary to go into the history of the four weary months of privation, confinement and suffering; enough to say that I paid every draft I had drawn on indulgent nature, cent per cent, all that I owed, save the last debt for life itself, which I hope to wipe off at once, and not by installments.

My next error was in resorting to general, instead of specific, treatment. "It's in the blood, and if we can purify that, the disease will be removed." Yes, if; there is much in that little particle. Do not tamper with your eyes, and beware of quacks. I laugh now, even while writing, when thinking of the remedies recommended and used all summer. Red-stocked platanus, mustard plaster, elderberry flowers and laudanum, Retts' eye-salve, alum-curd, the juice of raw onions injected into the eyes (horrors!), raw potatoes for a poultice, camphor water, cold tea—all were tried, and in vain. At last I consulted an oculist—Dr. Williams of Boston—and the mystery was explained—granulation of the eyelids; and nothing removes this but cauterization. He applied the blue vitriol, and has repeated it a dozen times, until I am nearly well. "You should have come to me at once," said he, "and in a week I could have cured you." Ah, we are ruined by delays!

The human eye changes by imperceptible degrees, slowly flattening, and thus changing the focal point of the rays of light upon the retina. My error was in not submitting to this process, and meeting it by the use of glasses; but in making an effort to read, I kept a strain upon the muscles, and when they gave way it was all at once, and I was as conscious of the change as one can be in suddenly passing from pain to ease. Returning from my usual excursion into the Maine woods, on board the steamboat from Bangor, I suddenly perceived a blur upon my left eye which rendered vision indistinct. I went to my stateroom, applied a lotion of rose-water, and washed it out, but it was of no avail. In about an hour the other eye was affected in the same manner. I was startled. Was I becoming blind? My first thought

was to attach a tag to my coat, giving directions as to where I should be sent, as I saw no one on board whom I knew, when it occurred to me that I was not dumb, if blind. I tried my eye-glasses, which I had used in the evening for twenty years, but they failed; I must hold the paper off at a distance to see at all. My eyes had changed in that hour, and I was relieved of much of that crawling, painful sensation which I had experienced for months.

A word of caution to my readers, and my thesis is closed. Do not read with a strong light coming directly into your eyes, but sit back to the light. Do not go into the sunlight with a cap without a visor, or a hat hooked on to the jute on the back of your head. Wash your eyes and your children's in pure, cold water in the morning. When you begin to feel the want of glasses, consult an optician or oculist, and obtain the right power. Do not open your eyes in the morning, nor close them at night, without thanking God for vision.

## CHRISTMAS TIDE.

BY MISS A. M. STOW.

Many centuries ago,  
O'er Judea's hills of snow,  
Shone a star of radiance tender—  
Wonderous star, whose beams' soft splendor  
Lights the ages as they flow.

Shepherds watching on the plain  
Saw that star, and heard a strain  
Of angel voices singing,  
Heard a glad voice chorus ringing;  
"Glory, glory!" the refrain.

Travelers halted that shining star,  
Journeying followed it from far;  
Over hills and over valleys  
Sought a prince in stately palace,  
Found him not, and a star afar.

But at last, in humble guise,  
Poor, unknown to great and wise,  
Cradled in a lowly manger,  
There they find the heavenly stranger,  
And they tell adoring eyes.

Then—thus runs the story old—  
Gifts they offer, gems and gold,  
Myrrh and frankincense, rich treasure  
Pour they out in lavish measure,  
Nor all reverence they withhold.

For this Babe so poor and low,  
Coming centuries ago  
To earth's woes, the griefs of mortals,  
Came from heaven's shining portals,  
Gift of God to men below.

Gift of God! No tongue can tell  
What that meant; what He befell,  
How He sorrowed, how He suffered,  
As a rich obligation offered  
His life for us, you know well.

Gift of God! You know it all;  
How this day for Him we call;  
Day of love and kindly greeting,  
Day of gifts and friendly meeting,  
Day of charity for all.

## WHO RANG THE BELL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

He had sat there almost as long as I could remember. The little hollow-seated chair, with its short legs, unpainted and unvarnished as it was, had taken a polish of its own from such continuous use. In summer he sat just outside of the glass door on the north and in the cool shadow of the house, and in winter just inside of the shop door. I never knew his name, and I don't know how it was that I first came to do it, but somehow I found myself saying "Good morning" whenever I went around the corner at the other end of the bridge, being well rewarded by the flush of pleasure which always flashed across his plain, almost repulsive face. He had a little Spitz dog for company, and was often surrounded by a flock of tame pigeons, who hopped about on the pavement and ate easily out of his hand, so nearly was he on their level; not three feet high, yet with the head, shoulders and chest of a man, and the legs and feet of an infant. A wearisome existence, one would think; yet he never looked dull, and when our acquaintance ripened into a speaking one, he never spoke as if he felt so.

I say ripened, for I do not believe in forcing one's self upon the poor any more than on the rich, and I waited to be met half way. I think it was the dog that first drew us together. I am a great lover of animals, and my cat being in need of something that the home larder did not supply, gave me an excuse for entering the little shop. After that we were friends, and I used to bring newspapers with stories in them, and, second-hand though they were,

they served to while away many weary hours.

His mother told me his story one day. A fine, healthy child of eight months, he had fallen through the banisters at the head of the stairs, and from that time his lower limbs had ceased to grow proportionally with the upper part of the body, though it was not till he was eight or ten years old that the permanent and repulsive deformity began to show itself. Since then, for twenty-seven years, he had just sat in that chair. Can any one imagine a more purposeless life? Yet he did not seem to see it so. Once he said,—

"If I only lived in the city now, I could make a great deal of money and help support mother."

"How?" I asked.

"Oh, I would have a stand and sell apples, oranges and nuts."

"Indeed, I couldn't spare him," said the mother, "he's such company for me. You see all my other boys grow up and had to go away and leave me, but this one will be mine always. I don't know how I should get along without him."

The flush of absolute delight which lit up the poor fellow's face at these words caused me to say, "How pleasant it is to be of use, if only just by living; and I went on my way pondering over what seemed to me as pretty a piece of real sentiment as I had ever heard, albeit spoken by an old, not over-clearly Irish mother of her deformed, repulsive-looking boy.

It was quite winter when I again saw my country home. City visits, fall shopping, and other claims detained me till just before the Christmas holidays, when, according to custom, all the branches of the family within reach came together to keep the old-time festival. As usual, we spent many hours of those delightful preparation days down at the church, twining the shining green garlands and shaping the illuminated texts which were to make beautiful the footprints of the coming King. Here among much of the neighborhood gossip I learned the particulars of the autumn inundation which had ruined so much property, and at one time threatened utter destruction to the low-lying parts of the town. The village calamity had, of course, been announced to me by letter, but the details were all new, and a large part of the conversation was devoted to recounting them. It seemed that the broken dam above, had overflowed the whole lower portion where stood the thickly-clustered dwellings of the poor, flooding the lower and in some cases the second stories, and sweeping away or destroying whatever was in the path of the waters. But the people, warned by the mysterious ringing of the church bell near the bridge, had been able to remove all the women and children and the greater part of their valuables in time to a place of safety. Who had rung the bell, and discovered the danger so opportunely, was one of the village mysteries.

At last, at night-fall on Christmas eve, the church work was finished, the last garland twined and hung, the last shining twig of holly put in its place. The shadows crept up from the corners, and the smell of pine and balsam spoke like the altar-incense of old of the sweet mystery of the morrow's service. Then leaving the sexton to sweep up the fragrant refuse, I armed myself with a sprig of glosy leaves and scarlet berries, and while my younger fellow-workers climbed noisily up the hill, I turned to say a few words of Christmas cheer to my little friend. He was not at his usual post outside, nor yet inside of the door, and the store was empty save that in the low chair which I knew so well the white Spitz was curled up in an after-dinner nap. I entered, and as I stood hesitating what to do next, I heard muffled footsteps upon the stairs.

"Whist," a voice said preceding them, "he's asleep now, an' I won't have him troubled. I'll not sell anything this Christmas eve." Then seeing who was there, the speaker advanced into the shop, shaking my hand more warmly than I thought the extent of our acquaintanceship warranted, and said, "I'm right glad ye've got back, he's been weary'n to

see you, and I was afeared ye wouldn't come in time."

"In time for what? Is my little friend ill?" said I, looking sadly at the low chair where only the Spitz was "company" now.

"Yes, honey, he's that bad with the rheumatiz—'flamatory they call it—that the doctor's giv' him up, and he said he wanted so much for to see you and tell ye something."

"But how did it happen?" said I, thinking with mixed sensations of the mother's loneliness and his blessed release from that monotonous life.

"Did he get wet in the inundation?"

"Yes, shure, if that's what ye call the big freshet. He never was well a bit since he rung the bell."

"Did he ring the church bell?"

They told me no one knew who it was. How could he do it?"

"Deed, an' he did thin, an' whin I found him where he'd been up to his neck in the water, he was that cold as if he had been dipped in ice. Ye see I was runnin' about distracted loike lookin' fur him, while all the people was busy gettin' out their things an' carryin' out the children, an' of course I niver thought of lookin' in the church. Thin whin the water came, I had to run with the rest, an' when it was all over, and we ventured to come back, I heard his voice a callin', an' me an' the sexton opened the church door an' went into the bell-tower, an' there he sat upon the wider ledge soaked through an' through."

"But how could"—I was beginning, when a moan up-stairs caught the ear of the watchful mother.

"It's the pain, poor darlint," and she ran quickly up the stairs. She returned again directly, however, saying, "He says he knows the lady's voice and wants her to come up and see him. Will you come?"

Of course I followed, and there upon his poor bed of suffering lay my little deformed friend. His deformity was less conspicuous now than that the sheet and coverlid lay above it. The hands were visible and fearfully contorted with pain, but the face had a refined, spiritualized look which I had never seen upon it before. As of old, a crimson flood of delight spread over it at my greeting, then died away and left the blue-veined forehead deathly white and chill.

"You said it was noise to be of use, an' I tried to be," said the pale lips; "but I couldn't just reckon up how, as I sat alone in my chair, till the freshet came, an' thin I rang the bell. I wanted to thank you for tellin' me. It is noise-like."

"But what made you think of it? How did you know?"

"I've sat by the bridge there many a long year an' listened to the roarin' of the waters. I know whin a freshet's a-comin', and I knowed this 'ud be the biggest ever we'd seed. I looked at all the little children playin' round, children with long legs an' straight backs, an' I thought how their mothers 'ud miss 'em if they were drowned. I called out, but there didn't no one hear me. Mother was up street an' left me to mind shop. So I crawled along to the church—it's next door but one, you know—but I niver went there before. It seemed an awful long way to go on my hands and knees, and I was afeard I would be too late. I crept in through the place where they put in the coal, an' I found the tower where the bell is, an' got hold of the rope which hung down to the floor, and pulled real hard. I'm strong in the hands."

"And then?" said I, as the poor fellow stopped, apparently having finished his story.

"Then I was that tired I thought I'd rest a spell. I must have fell asleep, for I felt cold, an' the water was all around me; so I managed somehow to climb up by the rope an' sit in the winder, an' the water come up to my neck."

"Were you not tired and frightened sitting there so long?"

"Not much. I'm used to sittin'. I felt loike as maybe I'd be drowned, but I remembered as how you said it's noise to be of use even by livin', and I thought such a crooked little feller couldn't be of much use that way; but maybe it's just the same if you do it by dyin'." I thought, too—

—of the voice dropped still lower—"of the piter I saw hangin' there

as I crawled through the church, and minded how I was told once that He as hung on the cross there saved the people by dyin' Hisself, an' I thought maybe He'd think I was of use, too."

I went quietly out of the room then, placing my Christmas sprig in the thin, pale hand, and receiving a last bright smile as recompense. I was not quite in the mood for the Christmas gayeties which our young folks were already commencing, as I thought that possibly before the midnight brought in the glad Christmas time the poor mother, who had expected to keep her deformed son always, would be without her "company;" and when all was quiet, and I looked from my window up into the starlit night and thought of the new voice that was possibly added to the "multitude of the heavenly host," singing its Gloria, the Christmas peal sounded out loud and clear, and I rejoiced in remembering when and how my little deformed friend had rung the bell.

## LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

Since our last to you we have been having, for this latitude and at this time of the year, the most extraordinary weather. But this Western people waste little time in grumbling, and with a simple reference to the extreme cold, go right on with their regular business, an example which, perhaps, we would better follow. The home camp-meeting at old Wesley Chapel, of which we wrote you, came to a close at the end of the second week. It did not accomplish what was expected of it, mainly, perhaps, because the people it was appointed to benefit did not come to its services. There certainly was no lack of combined effort among the preachers, since the pastors of all the churches, from Drs. Ridgeway and Joyce of Walnut Hills and St. Paul's, to the ministers of the humblest parishes of the suburbs, honestly and hopefully put their shoulders to the wheel. Still the car would not move, and it would be interesting to know why. Wesley Chapel is the cradle of Methodism in this city, but the march of business has left it on one side. Its decadence has been a matter of course, and any attempt to stem the current must prove hopeless. This home camp-meeting was appointed largely as an effort to turn the tide back in the old direction, and failed, though sustained by the presiding elders and the first talent of the church, because it is impossible to change the course of events. Wesley Chapel will become what John St. in New York is—a Mecca of Methodism and a great centre of missionary work. Had the meeting been held in Trinity Church, we might have different results to report.

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that Methodism in this city shows any signs of decline. It may suffer in some ways in common with all evangelical denominations, but at no time have its activities and benevolences been more earnestly or more successfully pressed. At the Preachers' Meetings for some weeks the subject of "How shall we preach so as to best present the Gospel?" has been under discussion, and nothing has been left unsaid to secure the end in view. At the last one Bishop Wiley was present and spoke earnestly to the point. One idea he especially dwelt upon—the necessity of more worship in our church service; a want which is becoming well-nigh universally felt. This past might well be called bishop's week, so busy have Bishops Wiley and Warren been here and hereabouts. On Sunday they dedicated a beautiful little church at Mt. Lookout, a suburb lying perched on the hills to the east, keeping company with the observatory, and free from the smoke and soot of the city. The old observatory on Mt. Adams, built under the supervision of Prof. Mitchell, is now a Catholic church; while just below it is the most celebrated beer-garden of the hill-tops. The amount of property held here by the Romish Church is enormous, though the recent *fiasco* of Archbishop Purcell has put much of it in jeopardy. In the evening both attended the meeting in the interest of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and delivered addresses; while on Monday they were busy all day with the Freedmen's Aid Society—a business meeting in the

morning, and the anniversary services at St. Paul's in the afternoon and evening, at the latter of which both spoke again. Bishop Wiley is a great favorite in this section, and Bishop Warren is winning golden opinions everywhere, as those who knew him well were sure he would.

The Cincinnati husbands (Methodist husbands we are writing about) are not heaped, but they are not afraid to put the reins once in awhile, and for proper purposes, into the hands of their wives and their female friends. You must remember Ohio is the home of the Crusade, and whether we approve of the methods adopted or not, we may not withhold our admiration for the zeal and courage which animated so many Christian women in so arduous a work. So it is little wonder that the Woman's Home Missionary Society finds ample recognition in this city. At the anniversary of the Freedmen's Aid Society the same good feeling prevailed. It is almost worth coming out here to see Dr. Rust just at this time when he is full to overflowing with his peculiar work. The West means business in this Freedmen's Aid matter in a sense which even you New England people, staunch friends of freedom as you have always been, can hardly understand.

It is within the memory of comparatively young men when it was hardly safe to advocate anti-slavery principles even in Cincinnati. As we write, we seem to hear the rumble on the street as the mob dragged the *Emancipator* press to fling it in the river. To utter them a few miles back in Kentucky would have been to invite quick martyrdom. How all this has changed! Let a little incident which we had from the lips of Rev. W. I. Fee yesterday tell. In August, Ky., is an old college, which not few leading men claim as their Alma Mater. Bishop Foster among the number. In the neighborhood in slavery times there lived, and does now, a family by the name of Fee, one of the sons of which, John Gregg, had the courage to announce himself an abolitionist, and, if he recollect rightly, to free his slaves. Of course they made it warm for him, and for a time he had to seek other parts. In no part of the country was the contest so bitter, long before the war, or the lines so sharply drawn, as in these border, slave-breeding States. On November 17, a reunion of the students was held, and, to use the words of our informant, "in the very town where they once brought out a rope to hang him, John Gregg Fee was greeted with tumultuous cheers." To a people who have passed through such scenes the Freedmen's Aid Society presents a living issue which they will never give up till the object for which it was established is accomplished. The wisdom of appointing residences for our bishops is especially seen in the case of Bishop Warren. When he came to plead the cause of the freedmen he was talking of that he knew all about, and, in a certain sense, part of which he was. It is no wonder that the people heard him gladly.

Business is quite brisk out here, and everything has a stirring look. It seems odd to see the great droves of hogs passing along the streets, but that is one of the features of this city. You must not judge everything from an aesthetic standpoint. On a lady's complaining of the soot, a friend replied that it was rather cause for rejoicing, since it was evidence of the prosperity of the city. Cotton is bringing good prices at the South, and Cincinnati is getting its full share of the proceeds. The prodigality of nature to this great Mississippi Valley is wonderful. It ought to mean more churches, larger collections, and a more extended work for Christ.

Dec. 8, 1880. CLARKE.

The American missions in Persia have been in peril from an attack upon Oromiah, by a Koordish army under Sheikh Obid Ullah. This warlike chieftain has been attempting to consolidate the Koordish forces, and to defy both Turkey and Persia. He secured, during the war between Russia and Turkey, from the latter, a large quantity of breechloaders and ammunition, as his ally, which he is now using against that power and Persia. Thus far the governor of Oromiah has successfully resisted his attacks. The mission has collected within its Seminary walls five hundred students of both sexes and refugees. The British Consul-General, Mr. Abbott, from Tabreez, gave the missionaries his able support, and thus far their college buildings with their inmates, although within the lines of the Koordish army, have been preserved from harm. A divine protection seems to have covered them.











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## ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1880.

"I do remember when I was a child,  
How my young heart, a stranger then to care,  
With transport leaped upon this holiday,  
As o'er the house, all gay with evergreens,  
From friend to friend with joyful speed I ran,  
Edging a Merry Christmas to them all."  
Souther.

It is the accepted anniversary of the divine Child that closes this week, and well may Christian childhood be taught to rejoice in it. It is more with us a holiday than a holiday; but it might, and ought, and will take on more of a religious character with the non-Episcopal, as well as with those churches, as its true significance is appreciated. Every Sabbath is, indeed, a Lord's day; but it is eminently suitable that one day in the year should be set apart to remember the wonderful birth of the Son of God and Son of Man into our human life. It matters little as to exactness of date. The one now generally accepted is a convenient one. It is proper that it should be a family festival; it is the anniversary of the child Jesus. Well may the home gifts be opened before the wondering eyes of the little ones, as the wise men spread out their treasures before the divine Babe and its mother. What has Christianity done for the child, and what for the mother? It has turned the hearts of the fathers to the children, and of the children to the fathers, and has emancipated and elevated woman, both by its divine cradle and cross. The Christian idea should never be left out of Christmas; in its gifts and gladness, in its congratulations and carols, its home and sanctuary services, the vision of the star, of the angelic choir, of the human-born Immanuel, should never be forgotten. Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, and good-will among men—the first Christmas song—now follows the sun in his whole course around the world; it wakes as his beams touch the summit of Wookiyama, and dies away in happy vespers as it sweeps over the Sandwich Islands.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

"Prayer must be a serious business; more than the hurried five minutes in the morning and the drowsy five minutes at night. If this be the whole of the time the twenty-four hours can supply for prayer; if prayer be no more in quantity and no better in quality, it will yield but little delight." Thus spoke the late Rev. Zephaniah Job, and his practice harmonized with his speech. It was his habit to retire five times a day to commune with God. Hence his life became saintly and his ministry fruitful. Such frequent opportunities for retirement do not lie in the line of every man's life. Nevertheless, to quote Mr. Job again: "When a man says, 'I have no time to pray,' it always means, 'I have no heart to pray,' and it were a wiser thing to say, 'I have no time to eat and drink,' than to say, 'I have no time to pray.'" This is doubtless true; still it must be remembered that God does not measure our prayers by their length so much as by their depth. Yet who ever prayed fervently without praying frequently, and without attaining to such a degree of spiritual devotion as to approximate at least toward the spirit of the apostolic precept, "Pray without ceasing?" As a matter of fact, no earnest disciple regulates his devotions by the clock. To commune with God is the richest pleasure of his life, and his opportunity to enjoy it is the measure of his indulgence in it.

Backbiting is called by Dr. Moore a "malignant sort of insanity." In some neighborhoods it often takes on an epidemic character. The same doctor illustrates this latter feature with the fact that in a certain nursery a sister one day bit her companions. The other ones were at once seized with the same disposition to bite. The mania spread from cloister to cloister, until, says Cardon, it infected every nursery in Europe. A strange mania, surely! But is not yet more strange and pitiful that multitudes of men and women who are in the main friendly toward each other, should be possessed by a mania which leads them to habitually bite each other's reputation? It is, indeed, a pity that it is so. Yet if every Christian would steadfastly resolve "to speak evil of no man," this latter mania would

speedily die out from the church of God.

The folly of the prevailing passion among rich men for adding million to million, and thus acquiring more than they can either conveniently use or enjoy, is finely rebuked by our greatest dramatic poet in these lines addressed to one such rich man:—

"If thou art rich, thou art poor,  
For like an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee."

Happy are those rich men who, like our Seneca, Hays and Cornells, unload themselves in life's bright midday, by pouring liberal portions of their gains into our colleges and other benevolent treasuries!

We must be Protestants in fact as well as in name. We must exercise our right to accept or to protest against whatever is presented to our minds as truth. We must listen and be wise for ourselves, irrespective of what others around us may think or do. We must be especially careful in our treatment of the teachings of Christ. We are to remember that His teachings are clothed with the highest possible authority; that "never man spoke like this man;" that He "alone" has "the words of eternal life."

It is not necessary that a man should succeed every time in his endeavors to be right and to do right, in order to have the favor of God. God looks at the motive and intent of the struggling heart. He honors devotion to right and duty, the aim and endeavor to be right.

However long it may be delayed, judgment is sure, at some time, to follow the footsteps of transgression. Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, we may persuade ourselves that it will not be executed at all. But Nemesis follows us ever, like our own shadow, and nothing but the watchful mercy of God can break the force of her deadly blow.

### THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

It seems a good time now to withdraw this problem of the South out of its political relations, as far as possible, and to consider calmly the real condition of things, and the probable outcome, irrespective of party organizations. Happily, to our surprise and pleasure, a few of the leading Southern papers are taking this very sensible and encouraging course; notably so the *Westland Christian Advocate*, under Dr. Haygood. With the finest and healthiest climate in the civilized world, where divine laws are not transgressed by ignorance and reckless folly, with every variety of soil for the production of the tropical fruits and the harvests of the temperate zone, with staples that command the markets of the world, with rare water-privileges, with many of the oldest settlements in the country, the Southern States, as a whole, present the most undeveloped, unthrifty, unimproving appearance—with the exception of a few cities—the most slipshod agriculture, the fewest manufacturing, the poorest railroads and appliances, the least comfortable homes, even in the instance of men of property, the meanest public buildings, the fewest colleges and higher schools, the largest proportion of the miserably ignorant and poor, whites as well as negroes, to be found in the country.

Two hundred years after the South had planted its colonies, the West sprang into birth and has already far outstripped her, with fewer advantages of soil and climate, in the race of development and prosperity. While in New England, and the newer New England at the West, there is a general thrift—many very wealthy men indeed—but a general average of comfort, with small farmers, intelligent and educated, and mechanics and small merchants residing in neat and well-furnished houses, at the South there are two millions of white people, cultivated in a degree, many of elegant address, born above manual labor and despising it, living in easy luxury, waited upon by numerous servants, among them the recognized rulers and magistrates of the States, holding their power by a sort of perpetual hereditary right; and seven and a half millions of whites, the large majority mean, ignorant, in laborious trades, or obtaining a scanty living on farms, many of them residing in huts not to be compared with Northern barns, whiskey-loving, tobacco-smoking, negro-hating, and apparently inevitably condemned to the pariah caste; and these in addition to the four and a half millions of black men. This is a feudal civilization, falling out into a self-assorted aristocracy. A portion of these two millions are hereditary barons, the born rulers who have always held the South in their hands. They are naturally amiable people, courteous, lavish of kindness and attention upon their religious sentiments. Partly through the different social conditions of the emigrants from England and France to these States, and largely on account of the fatal institution of slavery, this wide social gulf has

separated the two classes in these States. The natural temper that we should expect to be developed in such a condition of society, with a governing and a servile class, are the characteristics of Southern men today. An exquisite sense of personal honor, with false standards, and an uncontrollable passion on the part of the higher classes, brutal appetites in the instance of the lower, and an indifferently idea of the sanctity of human life, are everywhere apparent.

Mr. Redfield, a gentleman of Southern sympathies, in a volume to which we have alluded heretofore, upon homicides, shows that in the Southern States there are more of these than in any country on the earth rated as civilized. Since the civil struggle there have been an aggregate of recorded cases of murders in these States amounting to 40,000; equal to the ravages of a great war. In the three States of Texas, Kentucky and South Carolina, in 1878, there were 734 homicides and 523 persons severely wounded. In Texas alone, in this year, there were more instances of murder than in all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Minnesota, with their ten millions of inhabitants. In South Carolina alone, the same year, there were more than in New England, Michigan and Minnesota, with six millions of people. It is very difficult to gather full statistics of Southern homicides, as they attract so little attention, while every one finds a full record when occurring at the North; so that these recorded statistics of the South are far within the facts. In Kentucky there are more homicides in a month than in Massachusetts in a year. These homicides are not those of whites by blacks, but are largely confined to the whites. In the South the population is native born, living in agricultural districts and not in cities as at the North, which makes this exhibition of violent deaths all the more appalling. What is even more singular, in such States as Indiana and Illinois, it is found that in the lower portions which have been settled by emigrants from the South and in the upper from the North, the same relation as to the number of homicides exists between the two parts of these States as between the North and South. What is the significance of this? And why is it true that, while nearly all these homicides at the North are sure to arouse the whole community, to be a matter of immediate judicial inquest, and to call down upon the perpetrator, if discovered and found guilty, certain and severe punishment, a small proportion of these Southern homicides reach the courts, or are visited with adequate punishment or even with public reprobation?

The solution of this delicate social and civil problem is to be found in the education and elevation of the laboring classes at the South. The seven and a half millions must be taught to know and exercise their rights, and not to be simply the creatures of the two millions now composing the governing class. The great lack of the South, as Judge Tourgee suggests, is the town meeting as well as the school-house—that wonderful public university, where, on the same floor, the shoemaker, the blacksmith and the farmer together discuss town affairs with the minister, the doctor and the lawyer; where the state and national senator is only a citizen with his individual suffrage. There is nothing of this at the South. It is this, with the common school, that has made our laboring citizens feel their own equality, as well as know that it is recognized before the courts. It is not the negro only or chiefly who needs to be educated at the South; it is the poor whites. Until they are liberated from the ignorance and the social chains that now bind them, they will be the helpless servants of this arrogant ruling class. This will be a slow work; but it has already commenced, and its progress is inevitable. During the quarter of a century preceding the war, the South shut herself in and permitted no voice or press to question her social civilization; but she is exposed to them now on every side. The mails are no longer robbed, and the South is flooded with Northern periodicals and books. The Yankee schoolmarm—herself an institution, and one of the most amazing, too, of the nineteenth century—is at the South in great force. She is, like the final retribution, a consuming fire against all social abuses. Northern men are there; and they are fighting out the battle of caste, many of them, at great sacrifices. The establishment of manufacturing and the running of new railroad lines are bringing in skilled and independent labor. The judicious distribution of the annual product of the noble Peabody Fund is awakening new interest in the pub-

lic schools, and with the fine institutions established at various points at the South by Northern charity for the education of the colored people, a body of cultivated teachers will be annually sent forth to meet the requirements of the increasing educational opportunities.

It looks now very probable that this sectional policy, which has bound the South together in order to insure for herself certain advantages from the national government that she has thought could not otherwise be obtained, will not long be preserved. Local and personal interests, and varying views of national policy will soon divide the South as it does the North. The colored vote will ere long find defenders in these party divisions among themselves. It is impossible that guaranteed rights, founded on the principle of justice, should be long withheld. The Southern men will soon be disabused of the folly of believing that New Englanders are their natural foes, and hate them at sight. The interchange of visits, and the slow but certain growth of business interests between the two extremes, will wear away this prejudice. A writer in the *Nation* of Nov. 18, penning his letter on Sunday morning (which is significant), in his home at Little Rock, Ark., says that he is a Southern man bred and born, but has been a good deal at the North. As to the business men, with whom he is evidently most familiar, he says "they are disposed to take a rather charitable view of the sins of the South." The North, he thinks, is Republican, not for any governmental policy, but "out of pure animosity to Southern people." Whenever he spoke with a "deacon or a class-leader," he nearly always discovered them, he says, to be animated by feelings of hatred towards the South which they cultivated as a pious duty. This visitor has certainly been unfortunate. He is honest, but he does not know what he is talking about.

The exodus, which doubtless will continue with greater volume for a year or two, will make the black man of more value to the South, and secure better contracts for him and their better enforcement. Ex-Governor Brown, of Georgia, one of the most intelligent and able of Southern politicians—a successful man, by the way, of whom there are few at the South, who sprung from the people, and worked his way up to position and power by perseverance and sterling merit—in a late political speech, said among other good things:—"We are better prepared for manufactures than the North. We have advantages of climate, coal as cheap, labor cheaper, and the material at our very doors. I have the educational question very much at heart. Disguise it as you may, the New England States, with their schools and universities, have dictated laws to this continent. They have sent New England men all over the West, and they dominate there. Look at Prussia, that little empire over which Napoleon rushed and almost obliterated. Hardly a generation passed before it had in turn humbled France and taken the power from its empire. The bright-eyed boys in your mountains and wire-grass may represent you nobly before the world if you educate them. We must also educate the colored race, and they ought to be educated for the benefit of the Union and by the friends of the Union. I would devote the proceeds of the public lands to this purpose on a basis of illiteracy. The colored people are citizens, and we must do them justice."

Such sentiments as these but once generally accepted, and the Southern Problem is solved.

### Editorial Items.

THE Boston Wesleyan Club will hold its meeting at Wesleyan Hall, on Wednesday, Dec. 29. Ladies are not invited to this session of the Club. Dr. George M. Steele is president this year, and will preside on the occasion. President Beach of the University will be present. Good entertainment, good speaking, and good cheer may be expected. The expense will be small to individual members. It is to be a New England reception of the new president. Let it be full and hearty. We hope every alumnus that can possibly be present will make his appearance on the occasion.

A LIBERAL price will be paid for the volumes of the *Methodist Quarterly* for 1844-45. Inquire at this office.

DR. J. D. FULTON, of Brooklyn, lectures at Tremont Temple, Thursday evening, Dec. 23, upon "West Point, or the Color Line." It will be a vigorous and lively discussion. Our readers will enjoy it.

REV. SELAH W. STONG has written an excellent little manual upon the reasons "Why I Ought to go to Church." The argument is condensed into the most portable form, and should be widely scattered. It is published for 2 cents a copy, \$1.25 a hundred, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York.

REV. JOHN W. BUTLER sends us a copy of his handsome *El Anuario Metodista*—the first Methodist almanac ever published in the Spanish language. It is a very attractive pamphlet, in addition to the usual calendar, full of useful miscellany, prettily illustrated.

REV. WILLIAM MATTHEWS, of the Clayton St. Church, Providence, belonging to the African Union Methodist body, has been asking small subscriptions in Boston to aid in removing a small debt from their house of worship. He seems to have proper credentials and to be a good, faithful Christian minister. A little help is thankfully received.

The neat catalogue of Dartmouth College shows that last year in the academic department there were 247 students; in the Chandler scientific school, 44; in the agricultural school, 43; in the medical college, 89; in the Thayer school of engineering, 6—429 in all. This

venerable college is renewing its age under its vigorous president, Dr. S. C. Bartlett.

We are indebted to the secretary, Rev. George C. Wilding, Parkersburg, W. Va., for a copy of the Minutes of the West Virginia Annual Conference, 1880. It is a full and well-collated document. No church has so satisfactory and reliable annual statistics as our own. Every year they improve. Every pastor should aid in rendering them perfect.

THE *Interior*, of Chicago, according to its custom, has a very beautifully printed and illustrated supplement. It is filled with Christmas miscellany, and will be equally attractive to young and old. The *Interior* is one of the ablest, and, at the same time, most sprightly, of our exchanges—a sturdy Presbyterian, but softened, probably, by Methodist "environment."

REV. GEO. W. LYBRAND, of the Philadelphia Conference, and a corresponding member of the New England Methodist Historical Society, is at work on a life of the late Lorenzo Dow. Bro. Lybrand would be glad to get any letters or incidents of this eccentric minister. His address is Potstown, Montgomery County, Pa.

It was announced in some of the Boston daily papers that Dr. George W. Stearns, formerly a member of Providence Conference, was dead. This, we are glad to know, is a mistake. He has been very sick, but is rapidly recovering. His present residence is Marblehead, where he has enjoyed a good medical practice.

THE *Modern Review*, an English quarterly, which has established in its first year, a reputation for short, vigorous, original articles upon questions of present interest, historical, geographical, critical, philosophical, scientific and religious, opens a new year in January with a strong list of writers, and promises to sustain its position of reverence for religion, love for liberty, and candor towards the progressive movements of the day, during its successive issues. It is published in Boston by George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin St., at \$2.75 a year; 75 cents for a single number.

MISS KATE A. SANDRIN, the accomplished professor of English Literature in Smith College, has prepared a very neat and useful table calendar for 1881. For each day in the year she has selected an apt quotation from leading American authors, which will be a motto, an inspiration, or a kindly comment to all who use it. The motto for Jan. 1, from J. W. Chadwick, is:—"Another year of happy work, that better is than play."

It is for sale by all the booksellers.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD read a very able and eloquent paper before the Philosophical Society of Chicago, on Saturday evening, Dec. 4. Her theme was, "Our National Curse and our National Delinquency." She gave a very vivid picture of the nature and effects of alcohol, and then considered the various objections to a pronounced prohibition treatment of the poison, showing the evil and importance of license, and the perils of the weaker beverages. She closed with an appeal in behalf of woman's suffrage on the question of legalizing the traffic in alcoholic drinks. The paper was a powerful and convincing one.

THE Annual Reports of Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute for 1880, Hampton, Va., show this interesting school to be in a prosperous condition and accomplishing great good. Last year it had under instruction 181 colored men, 103 colored women, 47 Indian boys, 21 Indian girls; 354 in all. Under its devoted and enthusiastic principal, Gen. Armstrong, it is doing eminent service in the work of education and religion among those who greatly need its instructions. Its beneficiaries will fall upon the black man and Indian all over the land.

REV. HENRY A. BUTZ has been elected president of Drew Theological Seminary, a successor of Bishop Doane. He has filled the chair of exegesis for a number of years, having been first appointed as a teacher in the Seminary. President Butz is a graduate of Princeton, in the prime of life, a fine scholar, especially in the Greek of the New Testament. He is a magnetic preacher, and is very popular where he has labored as a pastor or instructor. Drew is now well balanced with both comparatively young and mature minds in its faculty, and has a list of professors of which it may well be proud.

DR. LOTHROP & Co. publish a very attractive volume entitled, "How We Went Bristling," by Amanda B. Harris, with illustrations by G. F. Barnes. It makes a small quarto, printed on thick paper, in large type, with full-page illustrations. The letter-press is a pleasantly written description of the habits and nests of some dozen or more of our familiar native birds, their manner of nesting, building, and their care of these little homes. The pictures are happily drawn and are well adapted for copying. The book makes a very pretty holiday gift.

We have received and examined with pleasure Specimen Pages of the forthcoming "Wesley Memorial Volume," now in the press of Phillips and Hunt, edited by Rev. J. O. A. Clark, D. D., LL. D. It is a series of articles upon every phase of Wesleyan history, written by leading Wesleyans, American Methodists, and well-known clergymen of other bodies, laymen and ladies, in Great Britain and France, and in this country. The volume will be one of remarkable interest in itself—a sort of Christian almanac, with a strong Methodist flavor—and interesting in its object—the building of the Memorial Church in Savannah, Ga. We shall look with much interest for its appearance.

In reference to an item in our paper, from an unknown source, we have received the following note enclosing \$10, which we have sent to the treasurer:—"Many thanks for your answer to my postal by your notice in the HERALD. After so full a reply, I wish my contributions for the superannuated ministers could be larger, but being but a working-woman myself, it is all I can spare at present. But thinking that if each would send what he could, rather than refrain because his subscription is small, a large amount could be realized from the mites. I enclose mine of ten dollars."

In a very interesting letter, received after the former, which we publish above, from "G. A.," she says her spirit is willing to give the \$25 asked by Bro. E. O. Thayer, but her pocket-book is weak. She encloses \$10 more, which will be forwarded at once to his address.

The Wesleyan Methodist Calendar for 1881 gives, as a summary of church members, 92,527, with 10,885 on trial. The Wesleyan body sustains 519 missionaries, and raised for this purpose last year about \$800,000, including about \$150,000 from the thanksgiving fund. It raised for theological schools about \$50,000; home missions, \$160,000; chapel fund, over \$45,000; education, \$50,000; children's fund, \$130,000. The number of Wesleyan Sunday-schools in Great Britain is 5,378; teachers, 119,911; scholars, 787,183. In their day schools are gathered 179,000 children. In Wesleyan colleges there are 226 pupils of both sexes training as teachers.

THE Senate last week originated a good movement, in accordance with the recommendation of President Hayes, under the leadership of Senator Burnside, for the di-

vision of the proceeds of the public lands among the States, in proportion to their illiteracy, to be used for the establishment and support of public schools. Such an ordinance will secure a large sum at first for the South, and their educational necessities are greatest, and the perils of ignorance the most serious; but every intelligent patriot will gladly see such sums from the national treasury fairly bestowed upon schools for the training of the uneducated thousands in these States. No wiser use could be made of the proceeds of the public domain. Too much of it has already been devoted to the building up of individual fortunes, ultimately in the interest of the development of Western States and Territories.

A VIGILANT event occurred last week in Congress. Gen. Grant is passing a few days in Washington. Last Thursday he visited the Chamber of the Senate. A recess of a few minutes was moved by Senator Edmunds of Vermont, and nearly all of both political parties, came forward and heartily shook hands with him. It was an unprompted and very grateful honor, worthily bestowed. The same vote was passed when he entered the House of Representatives, and Speaker Randall, taking the ex-President's arm, led him to the front of his desk and introduced him to the individual members. As General Grant, there is no man that has a stronger hold upon the hearts of his countrymen. Long may he live to enjoy their respect!

LOCAL church sheets have become an epidemic, breaking out in all places upon the slightest occasion. These organs of financial festivity bear much the same characteristics. We should be swamped if we attempted to notice all of them. Some are particularly tasteful in publication, like the *Fair Herald*, of Dorchester Lower Mills, under the editorship of Pastor Weston and E. R. Downs. Some are very witty and wise, like the *Lat and Star*, published by the Parsonage Aid Society of the Meridian Street M. E. Church. Others exhibit remarkable ability in securing by paying "ads," like the sheets managed by Rev. Bros. Sanderson and Eastman. All of them earn a great deal more money, in proportion to the time, labor and expense devoted to them (not to speak of merit, for we are modest), than *ZION'S HERALD*; and we are glad of it. Return our politeness, brethren, by sending on a long list of subscribers to the *Alma Mater* of all your church newspapers.

JOHN BROWN'S soul is still marching on. In the discussion of an old Kansas claim in the national Senate, last week, Senator Ingalls alluded to John Brown and the Missouri raid. This started Senator West, of Missouri, who gave utterance to the dignified (?) remark, that "the people sent on by Plymouth Church and other pillars of God and morality, headed by that old scoundrel, John Brown, who afterwards justly expiated his crimes on a scaffold at Harper's Ferry, were responsible for much of the violence of that unfortunate time." Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, said, "The nation took up the flag John Brown laid down at Harper's Ferry and bore it in triumph through four years of war to Appomattox Court House. John Brown was only about four years ahead of his time." Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, said he had just begun to get interested in the bill since John Brown's name had been brought up. He remarked that nothing that could be said of him in the Senate, good or evil, would mar the brightness of that fame which would go down the ages as the type of honest, thorough, and unselfish devotion to duty. It might be misquoting, love of liberty. "His body lies mouldering in the grave," but his soul, thank God, is marching on.

DR. GUARD preached for Dr. Cummings, on Sabbath morning, in Cambridgeport. The sermon was one of remarkable eloquence and power. The Doctor's address before the Monday Lectureship upon the "Relation of Christianity to the Mental Activity of the Age," drew a good audience. When he appears again in Boston he will be certain of a crowd. He was very much limited as to time, and his constant curtailing gave some what of a fragmentary character to his lecture; but it was heard with manifest interest and interest by his audience. It was a grand specimen of the richest rhetoric as Boston has heard for a long time. His arguments were pictures, his sentences constantly swelled to climaxes, calling forth the applause of the hearers. It was a series of indescribably picturesque and vivid presentations of the intellectual characteristics of the age, of the genius of Christianity, of its constant triumphs and its ultimate coronation. No reporter could have caught and written his hour, his audience cheering him on, and closed with a marvelous picture of science, art and redeemed woman bowing before the Master and placing their crowns upon His head.

PROF. HIRSH MEAD, in an interesting article in the *Christian at Work*, upon the new "Declaration of Faith by the Congregationalists," takes exceptions at the short note in *ZION'S HERALD* intimating the independence of the local Congregational churches.

quarrying as to how much influence such a new symbol will exert over them. He affirms, what we all know, that Congregational churches are not theoretically independent, but in formal fellowship with each other; and that in their organization and in the settlement of their pastors the adjoining churches are called in. Of course we well understand this. But what is to be said about the fact, that a large portion of these churches have no settled minister, but simply hire from year to year, without consulting the sister churches? And this is a growing habit. What is the significance, also, of the fact, that, in not a few instances, in large and long-established churches, ministers have been installed who frankly affirm that they are not Calvinists, but Arminians, having no connection with the old Calvinistic pulpit? And what must we think of the nature of the fellowship of these churches, when a candidate for installation, in an important position, having thus declared his faith as not embodying even the "substance of doctrine" of any Calvinistic platform, boldly assures the council that he shall preach in that pulpit, whether they consent to his installation or not; the church having agreed to stand by him, whatever might be their decision? Certainly, all this looks somewhat like local independence.

REV. DR. E. WENTWORTH preached, in the State St. M. E. Church, Troy, a very impressive memorial sermon, Dec. 12, occasioned by the death of the late Isaac Hospital, Utica, N. Y., of Rev. George J. Brown, late of the Troy Conference. Mr. Brown was a man of more than usual intellectual endowments, of much cultivation, a very able and persuasive preacher, a man of remarkable devotedness and consecration to his ministerial work. He graduated at Middletown in the class of '73; he would have graduated in '89, but as early as this the fringes of the cloud that ultimately obscured his reason and drove him from his pulpit, began to gather around him. He gave up his studies for a time, and then, somewhat improved, resumed them. After his graduation he filled with great acceptance several leading appointments in the Troy Conference, of which he became a member. Large and blessed results followed his ministry. His religious life was eminently mature, and his sweet temper and holy simplicity drew around

him the warmest friends. Some time before his death the coming event began to cast its shadow before. His mind became morbid. Kindly attentions were freely bestowed upon him when he was obliged to leave his pulpit; finally the violence of his disease rendered it necessary that he should be sent to a hospital. Here under this outward cloud of sorrow, and deeply passed into the clear light of heaven, and dropped the shattered tabernacle for a "building of God." We learned to love this dear young brother while he was a student at Middletown, and we drop a tear in his grave and look forward to a blissful meeting in heaven. Dr. Wentworth's sermon deals, in an interesting manner, with the question of insanity, its prevention and cure, and with the wonderful problem of the divine Providence in all these dark and mysterious events.

The ritualistic struggle in England takes on very violent expressions. With us, a local Episcopal Church with its rector, if indulging in eccentric ritualistic practices, can only be the subject of episcopal admonition, or, at the worst be deprived of the episcopal office of visitation, confirmation, etc., but in England the law of the Church is the law of the State, and is enforced with all the penalties. Two English clergymen, Messrs. Dale and Enright, are now in jail for performing rites and instituting services in accordance with the law and traditions of the English church. The latter was the vicar of a village near Birmingham. When the sheriff came to arrest him, he was found arrayed in his cassock, attended by a number of his friends. He protested, in the name of God and the Church of England, against his arrest. At the church door, together with the altar of the church, he was surrounded by a crowd, and, after a long struggle, he was carried to the church wall. After his arrest they sang the doxology and he proceeded to the jail. The writs of *habeas corpus* taken out in behalf of the recalcitrant clergymen have been decided against them. If these modern martyrs were willing, like Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, to yield their relation to a State Establishment and its assured annual endowment, they might still have their churches with candles, hold any relation they choose to the altar of heaven, and cover themselves with whatever curious garments they desired, and no public notice would be taken of it. It is not a fight of faith, but a breach of law, in which they are engaged. We have no sympathy with either the law or the voluntary suffering victims of it. Upon the death of the ritualistic vicar of St. Paul's Church, Walworth, the Bishop of Rochester appointed a learned and devoted vicar, Rev. E. F. Alexander, who had been his own resident chaplain. In an address to the church the Bishop announced that "whatever was illegal in the ritual of the church would have to be discontinued." Although the church had a reputation for devoutness and earnestness, the Bishop's address was received with groans and sobs, the audience rising to their feet, and at the close of the service the most enthusiastic cheering broke the windows of his carriage. He himself barely escaped serious injury. These are the fruits of ritualism, its friends in this country will find it difficult to persuade American audiences to admire it.

For the holidays Harper & Brothers issue a work of remarkable beauty of execution and of sterling value. It is entitled, "Pastors' Days, or Memories of a New England Year," by W. Hamilton Gibson. It is published in large quarto form, 152 pages, very thick and beautiful paper, tastefully bound, with charming illustrations of native scenes and characteristic scenery during the four months of our New England year. Some of the illustrations are exquisite, drawn from nature, and admitting a remarkable variety considering our soil and climate. The letter-press, which is a delight to the eyes, is well worthy of the rare engravings which it describes. Altogether the book is one of the most delicate and delightful of the illustrated works issued this year as a holiday volume.

To classical scholars, and also to general readers, the richest and most remarkable volume of the season is "Hios; the City and Country of the Trojans," by Dr. Henry Schliemann. Royal octavo; 800 pages, elegantly published on calendered paper, profusely illustrated with engraved and colored woodcuts. This superb and remarkable volume comes from the press of the Harpers. It is dedicated very properly by its grateful author, Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who so appreciatively reviewed his previous work on the same theme. His earlier researches on the site of ancient Troy, and his confirmations of the Homeric records, were somewhat coldly received by certain European scholars. His latest work, however, has been warmly received, and has verified all his former statements, and secured even more astonishing results. In his immense excavations, revealing the ruins of seven cities piled one above another, he finds unmistakable evidences of the Homeric Troy. To appreciate his ardor, his persistence and his triumphs, this fine monument to his zeal, which the publishers have named "Hios," must be examined.

He gives a very interesting autobiography of himself, taking his readers into his most intimate family councils. His early life, the occasion and growth of his antiquarian and classic tastes, his struggle for pecuniary means, his domestic joys and sorrows, his financial means, the assistance received from his accomplished Greek wife, are all told with charming simplicity, and are a profound astonishment of his later life, and a tribute to a lively account of them, and a profound interest in his work. The book is one of the most valuable of the publications of the present year, and will be welcomed by every one familiar with, and fond of, the classic story. Bound in cloth, it sells for \$12.

The same house issues a very interesting volume, by William G. Blake, D. D., LL. D., embodying "The Personal Life of David Livingstone," with a full and fine portrait. The author, who has been almost favorably introduced to American readers, has himself introduced the unpublished journals and the family correspondence of his subject. He had a noble theme, and he has done him justice to it. Joseph Cook pays the highest compliment for the success of his volume and for the remarkable interest which he has invested in it. How could it be otherwise? No more heroic Christian character has been produced during the century, and his mature life was one of extraordinary remarkable explorations and extraordinary incidents. The tens of thousands who have read his volumes upon the "Dark Continent" will be eager to read this admirable record of his life and martyr death.

EAST MAINE CONF.—CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. At the earnest and unanimous request of the presiding officers of the East Maine Conference, the time fixed for its next session, heretofore changed from the 23rd day of May, 1881, to the 11th day of the same month.

WILLIAM L. HARRIS.  
New York, Dec. 18, 1880.

Dr. Kynett presented the Church Extension cause very effectively at Tremont Temple (Charlestown), and Bromfield Street Churches, last Sunday. Good collections were taken.

Many items of church news, together with notes from our regular correspondents, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Maine and East Maine, crowded out by the unusual press of matter, are in type and will appear next week.







displaying much aptitude and ability in their studies, in housework, and in music. The greatest need of the Seminary is a library. Will not those of our readers interested in this good work show their appreciation of Mr. Moody's service to the country by sending one or more good books of reference, or one or more dollars, toward the establishment of a library?



THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

DR. RUST'S REPORT.

We are thankful to Almighty God that the past year has been one of so great effort and encouraging success. The Society has collected more money, made greater additions to its school property and accommodations, raised to a higher grade the standard of scholarship in its schools, furnished more well-trained graduates, developed a higher type of Christian character and life, brought more souls to Christ, and sent out a larger number of educated teachers, physicians, and preachers to aid and save the ignorant and neglected masses of the South, than it has done during any previous year of its history.

While we rejoice in the encouraging statement of a small increase in this department of benevolence, we are pained at the thought that our Church, so influential in membership and money, should do no more for this race, which has suffered so terribly in our midst.

INTEREST ON OUR DEBT.

We may rejoice in the income of the Society for the past year, as a liberal installment of interest on the principal, and an honest recognition of the great debt we owe this race, and which we have so long neglected to pay. But the time to liquidate this debt has come. The payment of both principal and interest cannot longer be postponed without discredit to the people, peril to the nation, and offense to God.

WORK AT HOME.

The American Church has a mission of vast importance to fulfill in the world's conversion to righteousness, truth, and while it embraces in faith and effort the whole world, it must not neglect that part of it nearest home and easiest of access, which can be cultivated at the least expense, and which, when brought under the power of the Cross of Christ, will exert a controlling influence upon the destiny of nations. In an effort to save the whole world, vigilance must be employed to preserve this country from the incoming tide of vice and wretchedness from abroad, and ignorance and lawlessness at home.

THE YEAR'S WORK.

The financial statement for the twelve months ending July 1, 1880, is as follows:—

RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR.

Cash in treasury July 1, 1879	\$697.74
Contributions from July 1, 1879, to July 1, 1880	\$2,403.35
Gifts from Christian Hall and other new buildings	13,412.18
Laid Endowment	\$97,492.25
Total receipts (including \$13,412.18 loan)	\$104,767.25

EXPENDITURES FOR THE YEAR.

Salaries and board of teachers and school expenses	\$42,011.01
Salary of corresponding secretary, office, and traveling expenses	3,451.61
Aid of young men preparing for the ministry	2,120.00
Church hire	1,522.22
Insurance and interest	1,522.22
Printing	1,229.15
Postage on buildings	638.39
Real Estate and Buildings:	
Christian Hall, Clark University, Atlanta, Ga.	\$38,000.00
Cent. Bibl. Hall, Baltimore, Md.	15,500.00
Maryland Med. Coll., Nashville, Tenn.	4,366.00
Wiley University, Marshall, Texas	1,913.00
Columbia Inst., Jacksonville, Fla.	416.66
Balance in treasury	42,745.75
Total disbursements	\$104,767.25

NEW BUILDINGS.

1. We have just completed Christian Hall, of Clark University, at a cost of \$38,000. It is a beautiful four-story brick building, with a basement of granite of modern architecture, having commodious chapel, convenient school-rooms, and boarding accommodations for students and a hundred pupils. Mrs. Christian Hall contributed \$10,000 to this building, and Bishop Gilbert Haven had pledged \$10,000, only a part of which had been raised when he was stricken with death.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

The Society has aided in the establishment and support of the following six schools, which have been furnished with full collegiate powers: Central Tennessee College, Nashville, Tenn.; Clark University, Atlanta, Ga.; Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C.; New Orleans University, New Orleans, La.; Shaw University, Holly Springs, Miss.; Wiley University, Marshall, Texas. It has three theological schools: Central Bible Institute, Baltimore, Md.; Baker Institute, Oremburg, S. C.; Thomson Bible Institute, New Orleans, La. It has one medical college: The Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

It has ten institutions not chartered: Bennett Seminary, Greensboro, N. C.; Cookman Institute, Jacksonville, Fla.; Daleville Seminary, Daleville, Ga.; Evans Normal School, Waynesboro, Ga.; In Grange Seminary, La Grange, Ga.; Meridian Academy, Meridian, Miss.; Rust Normal School, Huntsville, Ala.; Walden Seminary, Little Rock, Ark.; West Texas Conference Seminary, Mason, Texas. In these twenty institutions the pupils taught during the year are classified as follows: Biblical, 372; Law, 23; Medical, 15; Collegiate, 98; Academic, 229; Normal, 1,100; Intermediate, 217; Primary, 332; total, 2,460. Number of pupils in our schools 63,000. Number of pupils taught by our pupils more than 500,000. Amount of permanent school property, more than \$250,000. Number of teachers this year, 60.

New Bedford District Preachers' Meeting.

The southern half of New Bedford district, which embraces the charges on Cape Cod, held their Preachers' Meeting at South Yarmouth, Dec. 6-9. Rev. G. H. Butler, of West Sandwich, preached on Monday evening, taking as his text, "Who is on the Lord's Side?" The sermon was earnest, practical, Methodist and Biblical. The presiding elder, Rev. J. W. Willett, was present, and ably assisted. The programme was something of a new departure, taking up for discussion one general subject which was subdivided; and as the terms of the itinerant wheel last spring threw some of the brethren who were on the committee to prepare a programme for this meeting, into the other districts, the task devolved upon the presiding elder; and the success of the whole thing speaks well for his wisdom in the preparation.

The subject was "Christian Baptism." This was divided into five sub-divisions: 1. "Criticisms on the use of the words *baptizo* and *baptisma*," by Bro. S. H. Day; 2. "The import of baptism as taught by the Methodist, Baptist, and Papal churches." Very interesting papers were presented on these points by Brothers Edson, McCord, and Sprowls. 3. "Proper subjects of baptism." The Scriptural and historical arguments were presented by Bro. Hensley and Beale. 4. "The mode of baptism." A paper on the Scriptural argument was read by Bro. Hunt; on the historical argument by Bro. Gurney. Bro. Hamlin read a paper on the "Relative order of baptism." 5. "The propriety of re-baptism by Methodists," had been assigned to Bro. Mattson; but in his absence, caused by serious illness, the presiding elder, in a few remarks, opened the subject for discussion.

WORK AT HOME.

It is not necessary to say that this meeting was one of the most enjoyable, interesting and profitable ever attended. An interest that we have never seen equaled in any subject on a similar occasion was manifested throughout the meeting. The essays were unusually thorough and complete, and the sermon by Bro. H. H. Martin, on Tuesday evening, from the words, "Great is the mystery of godliness," was an earnest protest against the intimations of some eminent heads of the evangelical Church, which cast out the supernaturalism of their religion. These things, together with the absence of everything that would be likely to disturb the harmony of such a meeting, made the South Yarmouth meeting one that will be long remembered.

WORK AT HOME.

It was voted to hold the next meeting at some time and place to be fixed by the presiding elder; and after passing the usual resolutions of thanks to the church, friends, transportation companies, and the presiding elder for his presidency and the programme he prepared, the meeting adjourned.

Geo. W. Hunt, Sec.

Obituaries.

THEOPHORE HARRISMAN was born in Bridgewater, N. H., May 27, 1815, and died in Holliston, Nov. 19, 1880. Thirty-seven years ago he came from Ohio, where he had resided a few years, and connected himself with the church in this place by letter. Years ago, in his days of youth and health, he was a diligent member of the church. He held for a while an exhorter's license, was Sunday-school superintendent, class-leader and trustee. He was gifted in prayer, had decision in opinion, a retentive memory, was good in his home, and a devoted worshiper. His last Sabbath in church was Oct. 17, when he listened to some "lessons from Jacob's life" expounded by Rev. Edwards, and he enjoyed meeting with the disciples and joining in the public worship.

His noble brother (Moses A.) preceded him a year on the return journey. A companion, a son and daughter remain to cherish his memory. The funeral was held in his favorite church, the pastor giving a brief discourse from 1 Sam. 20: 3. D. R.

Obituaries.

PETER EDWARDS was born in Douglas, Mass., Oct. 4, 1819, and died Sept. 20, 1880. At the age of sixteen he went to live with his uncle in Oxford, and the same year, in a good old-fashioned Methodist revival, he gave his heart to the blessed Saviour, and was gloriously saved from his sins. In his eighteenth year he went to the city of Worcester to learn the painter's trade, which he followed until his death. At Worcester he joined the first M. E. Church built in that city. He was soon appointed class-leader, and when Rev. Asa Snow was stationed there, his wife and daughter were members of his class. Soon after, he was elected steward, and in both of these offices he was faithful. In 1839 he went down to Eastham working on the shore, where he obtained the blessing of full salvation, which he enjoyed until his death.

He was married to Miss Elizabeth McChesney in 1842, by Rev. Miner Raymond. He had a family of nine children: three sons and six daughters. He was a devoted husband, a kind and loving father, and a true friend. He was a member of the M. E. Church, and was a faithful worker in the same. He was a man of God, loved and honored by all who knew him. He left behind him a wife who is loved by the church, and a family who are true to the faith. He was a man of God, loved and honored by all who knew him. He left behind him a wife who is loved by the church, and a family who are true to the faith.

Obituaries.

When Brother Edwards joined the church, he subscribed for Zion's Herald, and that good old paper was a constant visitor at his home; and now the bereaved widow will continue the same while she lives. He was a man who enjoyed his religion every day, always looking on the bright side, and praising God for all things, and often saying, "Our Heavenly Father knows best." He was living ready for death at a moment's warning. Our loss is his gain. We ask the prayers of his many friends, who may read this, for his bereaved wife and the remaining children, that they may all meet him in heaven. E. B.

Obituaries.

THURSTON PIKE, of Cornish, Me., was called from the church militant to join the church triumphant, on the 24th of November, 1880, aged 84 years and 10 months. Brother Pike experienced religion some fifty years since under the labors of Rev. George D. Strout, and joined the M. E. Church, where he remained a faithful, efficient, and consistent member to the day of his death. He has ably and successfully filled the offices of steward, class-leader and trustee, until age and declining health compelled him to retire. But neither age nor declining

ZION'S HERALD, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1880.

health abated in the least his ardent attachment to, and glowing love for, the church of his choice, and the general Zion of God. This love manifested itself not only in word, but in deed and in truth.

Some eight years since he was stricken with paralysis, which was then supposed would prove fatal, and he selected the text of Scripture to be used at his funeral, and also the hymns, but he recovered so far as to be able to do some light work, and visit the house of God he loved so well, until some six weeks since, when the "weary wheels of life stood still." May the mantle of the father fall upon the children!

W. B. BARTLETT.

MIRANDA LOWE, wife of Thomas Lowe, of Walpole, Mass., passed from earthly toil to heavenly rest, Sept. 13, 1879. She had been a member of the M. E. Church for fifty-six years; twenty-seven years of that time she was a member of the M. E. Church at Stoughton Centre, and twenty-nine years a member of the M. E. Church at South Walpole, where she joined among the very first in 1833.

She had spent the evening in a prayer-meeting in her son's part of the house, in which she had testified for many years, and feeling physically indisposed, she passed into her own room, followed by her daughter and husband. She said to them, "I am dying," and in a few moments she expired. She expressed a desire in her meeting "to die with the Saviour," to live with her husband, and in a few moments after she had honored Him—confessed Him before men—He acknowledged her before His Father and the holy angels. She "ceased at once to work and live."

Sister Lowe was not a demonstrative person, but she was a kind and thoughtful mother, a loving mother, a devoted Christian. May her faithful children follow her as she followed Christ! G. R. BENT.

Obituaries.

NELSON HALL, of Walpole, Mass., left us for his heavenly home, Sept. 12, 1880, aged 82 years. He joined the church in South Walpole from probation in the year 1821, and has since been a faithful member of the church for many years. He was a citizen he was highly respected; as a husband and father he was beloved. He was a man of God, loved and honored by all who knew him. He left behind him a wife who is loved by the church, and a family who are true to the faith.

Obituaries.

Died, in Falmouth, Me., May 27, 1880, Miss ALICE DEARBORN, adopted daughter of A. J. Dearborn, aged 18 years. She was an interesting child, and grew up to be an active and lovely young lady. Several months before her death she gave her heart to God, and she adorned her profession. The attractions of earth were many, yet she bowed in sweet resignation to the will of God, and in his loving friends and a beautiful home on earth for the sufferer glories of the skies. G. W. B.

Obituaries.

HANNAH SHAW, wife of James Shaw, exchanged earth for heaven, at Cumberland, Me., June 10, 1880. She was a woman of uncommon ability and great purity of character. In the varied relations of life, as wife, mother, neighbor, and member of the Church, she was a blessing to all who knew her. She was a woman of God, loved and honored by all who knew her. She left behind her a husband who is loved by the church, and a family who are true to the faith.

Obituaries.

WILLIAM ARBOUTY died in Falmouth, Me., Oct. 30, 1880, aged 80 years. He had a family of four sons and three daughters. He was a man of God, loved and honored by all who knew him. He left behind him a wife who is loved by the church, and a family who are true to the faith.

Obituaries.

CAROLINE HUNT departed this life in Gray, Me., Dec. 3, 1880, aged 74 years. For forty-five years she has been a worthy member of the Gray M. E. Church. Her life was in harmony with the words of inspiration, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Her days of labor were many, and she desired to depart and be with Christ, yet patiently waited the will of God. She rests from her labors, and her works do follow her. G. W. B.

Obituaries.

Died, at Bucksport, Me., Nov. 10, 1880, MARY S. SNOW, wife of the late Colyer Snow, aged 81 years and 21 days. Sister S. was converted in early life. She has been a member of the M. E. Church for more than fifty years. She was ever glad to give her Father's children more than her own. She was a woman of God, loved and honored by all who knew her. She left behind her a husband who is loved by the church, and a family who are true to the faith.

Obituaries.

JOHN HILTON was born July 29, 1801, and died in Biddeford, Sept. 2, 1880. Bro. H. gave his heart to the Lord Jesus when a young man, and united with the M. E. Church when Rev. Chas. Allen, D. D., was pastor. He was a man of God, loved and honored by all who knew him. He left behind him a wife who is loved by the church, and a family who are true to the faith.

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Medicine Chest in itself. A PURELY VEGETABLE MEDICINE. THE GREATEST BEST & MOST WIDELY KNOWN FAMILY MEDICINE.

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PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER. THE TEST OF FORTY YEARS' TRIAL. PAIN-KILLER should have a place in every family, medicine-chest, household, ready for immediate use, not only for accidents, cuts, bruises, sores, etc., but in every case of sudden sickness of any kind.

PAIN-KILLER is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a sure and safe medicine which can be freely used internally or externally without fear of harm and with certainty of relief.

A NEW TREATMENT for Consumption, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Throat, Hoarseness, Deafness, etc.

HE WILL GIVE FURTHER PROOF IF YOU WILL COME. My wife, a sufferer from Neuralgia 24 years, was cured by FAITH WHITCOMB'S SHAKER LINIMENT.

Physicians Prescribe it and use it in Their Families. Dr. Sylvester, the well-known Physician of Sherborn, gives the following statement:

FAITH WHITCOMB'S SHAKER LINIMENT. This certain Liniment I have examined the formula of Faith Whitcomb's Shaker Liniment, and the ingredients used in it, and I find it to be a most valuable remedy for all the diseases for which it is recommended.

DR. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. The Positive Cure for All Female Complaints. THIS PREPARATION RESTORES THE BLOOD TO ITS NATURAL CONDITION, DIRECTS THE VITAL FORCES, AND STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES OF THE UTERUS.

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THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, Dec. 14.

Secretary Thompson, of the Navy Department, has been in his resignation.

Five revenue officers have been shot within a week.

General Schofield's retirement from West Point has been decided upon, and General O. O. Howard will succeed him.

The Anglo-Irish crisis threatens to cause a rupture in the British cabinet. Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain have declared that they will resign if coercion is adopted.

Edgar Stanton, of Illinois, has been nominated for consul-general at St. Petersburg.

Wednesday, Dec. 15.

Inspector General Marcy, of the Army, has requested to be put on the retired list.

The Fitz John Porter bill passed the Senate yesterday; it permits the President to nominate Gen. Porter to be colonel on the retired list, with no back pay or allowances.

Oregon's population is 174,767.

During the last seven years the mines of the United States have produced about \$280,000,000 of gold.

Thursday, Dec. 16.

Joshua Caldwell, a London railway contractor, has failed, with liabilities amounting to \$2,000,000.

The State debt of Missouri is \$16,250,000.

The National Board of Trade is holding its sessions in Washington.

The collieries at Stettin, N. S., have been closed, in consequence of fires and explosions.

Judge Wood, of Alabama, has been nominated to succeed Judge Strong on the Supreme bench.

Friday, Dec. 17.

The House of Representatives yesterday passed the Pension bill, which appropriates \$50,000,000.

The question of the fairness of the court martial in the Fitz John Porter case has been raised again.

The Land Leagues in Ireland are making desperate efforts to defeat the government in the approaching trials.

The Chilians are advancing on Lima. The Peruvians are making a desperate resistance.

Saturday, Dec. 18.

Birge & Sons' wall-paper manufactory in Buffalo, N. Y., was destroyed by fire last night, and it is feared that ten or twelve persons perished in the flames; as many more were seriously injured. Loss, nearly \$250,000.

General Schofield will be assigned to a new Southern military division, comprising Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the Indian Territory.

Governor Todd's residence, in Youngstown, Ohio, was robbed yesterday of \$8,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry.

The joint congressional committee on the Yorktown centennial have selected Robert C. Winthrop for the orator and James B. Hope for the poet of the occasion.

The Senate yesterday passed the Burns Educational bill, which provides that the proceeds of the sale of public lands and of patents shall be forever set aside for the education of the people.

Monday, Dec. 20.

An anti-Jew meeting was held in Berlin yesterday.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague has filed a bill for divorce from ex-Governor Sprague of Rhode Island.

The House passed the Military Academy appropriation bill on Saturday.

FOOD FOR THE BRAIN AND NERVES that will invigorate the body without intoxicating is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Ginger Tonic restores the vital energies, soothes the nerves and brings good health quicker than anything you can use.—*Tribune*.

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